

VOL. I.

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ticulars of the attractive incentives for Agents,
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THE ADVERTISER,
29 Park Row, N. Y.

OUTSIDE LOCALS.

The Musical Concert.
The musical concert, given at Trinity
church last Friday evening for the benefit
of the Presbyterian Sunday school was
well attended and was a great success.
The following programme was rendered,
and each and everyone of the singers gave
evidence of a high degree of musical tal-
ent, while some of them showed that they
were masters of the science of music:

PART I.
Piano Solo—5th Nocturne.....Lalouch
Miss Daisy Kidenour.
Vocal Duet—I Feel Thy Angel Spirit.....Pinsuit
Vocal Solo—Anchored.....M. Watson
Mrs. J. F. Bullitt, Jr., and Mr. E. J. Bird, Jr.
Vocal Solo—Garden of Sleep.....Mr. John W. Fox, Jr.
Male Quartet—Soldier's Farewell.....J. Kibbel
Messrs. Ferguson, Bird, Palmer and Whitehead.
Vocal Solo—Embarquement.....Mr. A. B. Fox
Vocal Solo—Swallow's Farewell.....Kuckan
Messrs. Ferguson and Bird.
Chorus—O! Italia, Italia, Beloved.....Donicetti
Intermission.

PART II.
Piano Solo—Over the Waves.....White
Miss Daisy Kidenour.
Chorus—Spring Song.....Pinsuit
Vocal Solo—Anchored.....M. Watson
Mrs. J. F. Bullitt, Jr., and Mr. E. J. Bird, Jr.
Vocal Duet—Have I Failed to Beat Me? G. Verill
Mr. J. F. Bullitt, Jr., and Mr. H. T. Ferguson.
Sailing.....G. Mark
Mr. John W. Fox, Jr., and male chorus.
Vocal Solo—Open Thy Lattice.....G. Mark
Mr. H. T. Ferguson.
Sleep, Gentle Lady.....H. R. Bishop
Chorus.

**Write an Essay on Big Stone Gap and
Capture the Prize.**
THE UNITED STATES INVENTOR, of Boston,
Mass., is offering \$1,000 for prize essays
upon American cities and towns, the
essays to be received until Dec. 31, 1892.
The prizes will be subdivided as follows:
For the best essay respecting any Ameri-
can city or town, \$500; for the second
best essay respecting any American city
or town, \$300; for the third best essay
respecting any American city or town,
\$200.

Each essay is to deal with the merits of
the city or town chosen as its subject,
either as a desirable place of residence;
as a place of peculiar location; as a place
of unusual rapid growth; as a place in
which an unusually large amount of cap-
ital and labor is employed in any particu-
lar industry; as a place possessed of great
undeveloped resources, such as water
power, coal and iron, etc., which is pecu-
liar because it has long escaped attention;
as a place of great historical interest;
or as possessing any other claim to unique
interest or special distinction. The essay
may cover either one or all of the above
topics.

In awarding the prizes, the judges will
consider the literary merits of the essays,
as well as the merits of the town or city
described. They will not, however, go
outside of the essay itself for evidence
that the town or city possesses any special
interest. Any claims which even a well-
known city may have to distinction within
the intent upon which these prizes are
offered must rest wholly upon what is
said by the essayist within the space of
the column allotted to him. This condi-
tion, together with the consideration of
literary merit, will give the essayists an
even chance. All the essays, which are
intended for competition should be marked
as such and forwarded to either of the
offices of the United States Inventor, 185
Franklin street, corner of Pearl, Boston;
305 Broadway, New York; 241 Chestnut
street, Philadelphia.

In Big Stone Gap is certainly found a
good subject, so let some of our literary
people try their hand in this contest. If
they don't get the first prize it will be
for lack of descriptive and explanatory ability
and not for lack of material.

S. W. Thacker Married.
Mr. S. W. Thacker was married, at
Alum Springs, Henrietta county, Va., on
the 5th inst. to Miss Mary Rohleder, the
ceremony being performed by Rev. Mr.
Barton. There is a nice little string of
romance connected with Mr. Thacker's
courtship and marriage. About six years
ago he met the lady who is now his wife
at his sister's house, for the first time. It
was a case of true love on first sight. A
few pleasant days were spent with her
there, since which time they had not met
up to the day of their wedding. Their
first meeting had been six years ago. They
corresponded regularly up to about
eighteen months ago, when letters between
them grew shorter and fewer, and at
length ceased altogether. However, being
bound together by the bond of true love,
they were not destined to steer
single little bars down the stream of
life. A few months ago the correspondence
was revived, the result of which, as
stated above, was their happy union on
the 5th inst. The Post extends hearty
congratulations to the happy young
couple.

The Intermont Help.
The help around a hotel goes far toward
making it a success or a failure. Maj.
Harrington seems to have closely consid-
ered this point in his selection and has a
"full team" of first-class help in the per-
sonages of Geo. H. Sneed, Stewart, and
John Davis, head waiter, assisted by Jos.
Hale, Will Wood and Henry Bailey. The
boys are all polite, and watchful of the
wants and needs of the guests of the
hotel, and understand and do what is ex-
pected of them.

A \$10,000 Damage Suit Compromised.
It will be remembered that shortly
after the hanging of Tilton Hall, at
Gladville, this county, a book, purporting
to give the history of the noted outlaw,
was published and placed on sale by L.
M. Greer, of Colburn, Va. In this book
reference was made to Mrs. S. N. Taylor
in connection with the Hall's trial in a
manner that Mrs. Taylor's husband felt
justified in taking legal action in sup-
pressing the sale of the book and also
instituting process of damage suit. The
damage claimed was \$10,000. At the
recent term of circuit court a compromise
was effected as to the amount of damages,
and the publication and sale of the
book suppressed.

JAY GOULD'S WILL.

How the Multi-Millionaire Divided up His Immense Fortune.

Jay Gould's will has been given to the
public. It was made December, 1884,
during the life of his wife, making
provisions for her benefit which failed
for reason of her death, after which var-
ious codicils have been attached. Sev-
eral legacies are left to sisters and others
comparatively small amounts. He gives
to his daughter, Helen, until his youngest
child arrives at age, the use of the resi-
dence at Irvington, commonly called
"Lyndhurst," free of taxes, and all
furniture, books, paintings, household
contents therein, and \$6,000 per month,
stating that this was done in expectation
of his minor children, Anna and Frank J.
as well as his son Howard, will, during
the period above provided for, make their
home with Helen.

To his namesake and grandson, Jay
Gould, son of George, he gives \$600,000,
to be held in trust by George, with au-
thority to apply same to the support and
education of said grandson; to pay one-
fourth to him at the age of twenty-five,
one-fourth at thirty and the remaining
half at thirty-five, with power to pay
same at earlier periods, in the discretion
of his father.

To his son he makes the bequest sub-
stantially in the following words:
"My beloved son, George J. Gould,
having developed remarkable business
ability, and having for twelve years de-
voted himself entirely to my business
and during the past five years taken en-
tire charge of my difficult interests, I
hereby fix the value of his services at
\$5,000,000 cash, less the amount advanced
by me for the purchase of the house for
him on Fifth avenue, New York city;
\$500,000 in the St. Louis, Iron Mountain
and Southern railway consolidated five
per cent. bonds, \$500,000 in Missouri
Pacific railway trust five per cent. bonds;
10,000 shares of Western Union stock and
10,000 shares of Missouri Pacific stock,
all to be taken and treated as worth par.
He appoints as executors and trustees of
his will his sons, George, Edwin and
Howard and his daughter Helen, and most
ample provisions are made for the young-
est children, Frank and Anna.

There is the usual provision that the
property of his daughters is for their sole,
separate use, free from any estate or con-
trol of their husbands, and prohibiting
all dispositions or charges by any of the
legates by way of anticipation or
otherwise. There is a provision that if
any of his children marry without the
consent of a majority of the executors
and trustees, then the share allotted to
such child shall be reduced one-half, and
the other half shall of such share shall be
transferred to such persons as under the
laws of New York would take same if
testator had died intestate.

ANOTHER BRIDGE CRANK.

Ronoque, Va., Furnishes the Last Fool
Brooklyn Bridge Jumper—Daniel Mc-
Laughlin Leaps a Distance of 144 Feet
Into the River, and is Taken out Un-
harmd.

On the evening of the 8th, inst., Daniel
McLaughlin engaged a cab on the
Brooklyn side of the great Brook-
lyn bridge to drive him to the
New York side. When the carriage had
reached about the center of the bridge, he
opened the door and stepped out, and be-
fore anyone could reach him he made a
dive into the river from the railing, falling
a distance of 144 feet. Three New York
policemen happened to be on duty in a
row boat under the bridge and saw him
fall. He was under water about thirty
seconds, when he rose to the surface and
reached him with the boat and pulled him
in. He was conscious when taken into the
boat, and remarked, "Well, I'm damned!"
when he saw his rescuers were policemen.
He was taken to Chamber's Street Hos-
pital where he was stripped and placed
under the regular bridge-jumpers' treat-
ment. The doctors said that the most
careful examination failed to show even a
bruise on his body, but possibly he had
suffered from internal injury. Shock
though, was about all that ailed him. The
New York Sun gives the following list of
the different cranks who have made the
fearful leap from the bridge into the river
below:

"Robert Odium was the first. He
jumped on May 20, 1865, and was killed.
Steve Brodie jumped on July 24, 1886, and
was picked up uninjured. A man named
Kurtz jumped on November 30 of the same
year. He was picked up badly injured,
and spent a season in Bellevue Hospital.
He was also in jail for a time. Lawrence
Donovan, a compositor, jumped on August
29, 1886, and was not even placed. Dono-
van afterward went to London and ac-
quired a habit of jumping from London
Bridge into the Thames. He jumped one
day when he was drunk and was killed.
In the latter part of 1886 jumping from
the bridge was declared to be a nuisance
and the next Legislature made it a mis-
demeanor. On April 28, to show his con-
tempt for the law, E. de Freitas, an Ital-
ian boy, 16 years old, jumped off, was
picked up by a tug and landed at Green-
point unhurt. He was not punished. A
man named Byrnes was the next man. He
jumped in August, 1888, and recovered
from the injuries he sustained. In Aug-
ust, 1890, a German, who left his coat
behind, jumped, and his body was never
found. The last man before McLaughlin
was Frank McCarthy. He jumped on No-
vember 23, 1891, on a wager of \$10 and was
killed."

McLaughlin, for the last nine years,
has been employed in the blacksmith
department of the Ronoque (Va.) Ma-
chine Works. About a year ago he sold
some property he had there for \$6,000,
since which time he has done no work.
He took a trip to his old home in Ire-
land

a short time ago, and returned to Ronoque.
He drew \$300 from the bank in Ronoque
and left there for New York on the 7th,
inst. It is thought that an over-supply
of strong drink caused him to make the
terrible jump.

WAR IN EUROPE

The Present Armed Peace Cannot Long Endure.

Whether there will speedily be a war in
Europe is a question that no one can an-
swer, or rather one in regard to which no
answer is worth the paper on which it is
written, says Henry Labouchere in the
North American Review. At no period
since the era of the great Napoleon have
there been such vast armies in Europe,
and either the continental powers must
reduce their forces or they will soon, one
and all, be ruined. The richest country
is France, but there the taxation is enor-
mous. Both Austria and Germany are
comparatively poor; Russia's credit is
only maintained by the French being
ready to buy its bonds; Italy is practically
bankrupt already, and notwithstanding
this all these countries are engaged in
an insane struggle to compete with each
other in amassing the material to wage a
successful war.

If war does occur it will not in all
probability be entered into of deliberate
design. Some foolish word will be spoken;
this will lead to further words. The pas-
sions will come into play, troops will be
advanced to the respective frontiers of the
two states, and there will be a collision,
and the whole of the continent will be in
flames. One thing is certain, the present
"armed peace" cannot eternally exist.
Either the continent must bring it to an
end by war or by reverting to a real peace.
Were there a conflict between
France and Russia on one side, and Aus-
tria, Germany and Italy on the other, it is
by no means certain that the latter would
come out the victors. The French army
is thoroughly reorganized, and the French
soldiers, under the properly commanded, are
an endless reserve from which to draw sol-
diers, and the Russians have more staying
power than the Germans. On the other
hand, if we are to judge by experience,
the Austrians and the Italians make but
poor soldiers, and the Germans, although
probably their armies are more perfect,
viewed as military machines, than any
other in Europe, have lost many more
battles than they have won, and one seri-
ous and lasting lead to the disintegration
of the new German empire.

The most dangerous man to the Euro-
pean peace is the German emperor. He
is a cracked-brained Prussian lieutenant,
and an emperor by the irony of fate. His
grandfather was under the delusion that
he was the viceregent of Providence as
regards Germany; in this youth the illu-
sion has taken the form that he is placed
by Providence on the German throne to
regulate not only the affairs of that coun-
try, but of the entire world. He is rightly
and justly an extraordinary degree.
His idea of peace is that it should be a
German peace imposed upon Europe. He
seldom makes a speech without announc-
ing that he will "smash" all who decline
to accept his views, and at any moment
he is capable of translating his words in-
to deeds and dragging those who have
been silly enough to become his allies in-
to war.

The French will never permanently ac-
cept the loss of Alsace and Lorraine, but
they are not likely to precipitate a struggle
for the reclamation of these provinces
without the aid of some other power, and
the only power likely to help them is Rus-
sia. But the czar himself is so strongly
disposed to peace that he would hesitate
long before embroiling Europe in war
with France as his ally. The Franco-
Russian understanding, however, will
probably lead the German emperor to
eschew all thought of setting out from
Paris in order to prevent France
from becoming as strong as she formerly
was; indeed, the moment when such an
expedition was possible has passed away.
Austria, moreover, although she may have
joined the triple alliance, will always dis-
courage a resort to arms, and in Italy
there is growing up so strong a feeling
against the country being a party to this
alliance, that it is doubtful whether any
Italian minister could give effect to it.
Italy has realized that she will obtain no
material support from us. Although,
therefore, armed to the teeth, any contin-
ental power dreads war, not exactly
knowing what may come of it. There
are, however, so many "questions" in
Europe; there is such rivalry and hatred
between the continental powers; there is
so many real causes for difference;
the strain is so enormous that it is difficult
to believe that some spark will not before
long set this magazine of combustion on fire.

Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet.

A New York special says: "Affairs are
so shaping themselves, it was admitted
to-day, that Mr. Cleveland may find it
necessary to insist so far as he can upon
ex-Secretary William C. Whitney accept-
ing a portfolio in the Cabinet. Indeed,
several very close friends of Mr. Whitney
believe that Mr. Cleveland is determined
to request him to be Secretary of State."
"Many Democrats would like to see
New York state get the Treasury portfo-
lio, but that place is the one which is to
bother Mr. Cleveland the most. Through-
out Mr. Cleveland's administration the
Empire state had two representatives in
the Cabinet. This was rather unusual,
and has come out so brilliantly as a
factor in electing the Democratic Presi-
dent, there are many Democrats from that
section who believe that Mr. Cleveland
should select a western man for Secretary
of the Treasury, as well as Isaac Pusey
Gray for Postmaster-General. They point
out also that there are financial distinc-
tions between the east and west which
promise to become still more pronounced.
"The Postmaster-General and the Secre-
tary of the Treasury control the bulk of federal patron-
age at the command of the administra-
tion. This fact is an important one with
the western trusters. It is admitted by
Mr. Cleveland's friends that he could very
well afford this time to give the west one
more Cabinet officer than it had under its
first administration. This additional Cab-
inet officer would naturally be one of the
two given New York state in Mr. Cleve-
land's previous administration."

Mr. Cleveland is known by his selection of
documents representing the wishes of
the eastern and western Democrats concern-
ing his make up of the Cabinet. He has
glanced over a number of these papers,
and he will give them further considera-
tion. After the holiday season he will
devote most of his time to pondering over
them. Those in his confidence say that
the selection of a Cabinet will be more
hastening than in 1884, for the reason
that he cannot now draw upon the United
States Senate.

THE GREAT NICARA TUNNEL.

Two Turbine Wheels of 5,000-Horse Power are to be Put in Operation.

The month of July, 1889, is expected to
mark a new era in the manufacturing
world, for the Cataract Construction
company hope to have their mammoth
turbine wheels and monster dynamos at
work for those who may desire to use
their power. More than \$2,000,000 and
many lives have been sacrificed to this
gigantic undertaking, this harnessing of
the mighty Niagara to serve the manu-
facturing world, and the enterprise is now,
after nearly two years' work, drawing
near completion. No where else are
wheel pits 160 feet deep and wheels cap-
able of developing 5,000 horse power, says
a Niagara Falls dispatch to the *New York
Sun*.

An important move has taken place
this week in the awarding of the contract
for the water wheels. The building of
two of these immense turbines has been
placed with the J. P. Morris Company of
Philadelphia. The contract calls for two
superimposed turbine wheels of 5,000
horse power, to cost in the neighbor-
hood of \$100,000. They are to be set up
and in operation eight months from Nov.
1. They will be built after the designs of
Messrs. Faessly & Piccard, of Geneva,
Switzerland. Each wheel is composed of
two superimposed turbines, supported on
an hydraulic pivot. The water is fed be-
tween the wheels in conduit pipe, and the
discharge is exterior. This 5,000-horse
power is an immense unit for a turbine
for the largest turbines known in the
world are 2,000 horse power. Nothing
has ever before been built to equal these
contemplated monsters. The moment the
wheels are set and ready for the water the
dynamoes will be ready to be connected
and electrical power will be produced, the
transmission of which is to form one of
the chief features of this great undertak-
ing. Cities at a distance are to be sup-
plied by these immense turbines and
dynamoes. A glimpse at the wheel pits re-
veals the magnitude of the work. The one
wheel is 20 feet in diameter, 18 feet
wide, 140 feet long, and 160 feet deep.
The company is constructing wheel pits
for three wheels, and another will be ad-
ded to these just ordered. The contracts
for the dynamoes will be let within sixty
days, and they will combine features of
the best ever constructed with new de-
vices.

A view of this great engineering work
reveals the fact that the main tunnel has
been driven and is directly bricked in. The
main inlet canal from the river has been
constructed. This is 1,500 feet long, 200
feet wide at the mouth, and tapers up to
125 feet wide at the end, with a depth of
from 11 to 15 feet. There are ten inlets
or gates for the wheel pits of the Cataract
Construction Company, over which their
power house will be constructed.

There are two gates for the Niagara
Falls Paper Company, which has the
largest plant in the world here. There
are two more inlets between the paper
company's works and the power house.
These four inlets are on the west side
of the canal. On the east side are six
inlets, and two more will be built. Thus
the canal at the start provides for the
gigantic sum total of 146,000 horse
power.

That work of the portal of the tunnel is
not yet completed, but is progressing
slowly and surely. A story was started
last week that an additional tunnel, of
tension was to be built at over 500 feet
below the first one. It is simply an old can-
didate for a year and a half ago in con-
nection with the construction of the inlet
canal. When this piece of work is driven,
the original 7,000 feet of the tunnel will
be completed. The contractor has now
between 300 and 400 men at work, and the
excavating and construction are going on
steadily.

On the other side of the river, on the
Canadian shore, a duplicate of this great
work will be constructed. No work has
yet commenced on this as yet, but it is
expected that operations will begin in the
spring. Some 100,000 horse power can be
developed there at this quarter of the ex-
pense required on one side. With this
enormous amount of power ready for use,
the denizens of this locality are expectant
that in the future it will not only be the
manufacturing center of this country, but
the manufacturing metropolis of the world.

Chased by a Herd of Wild Horses.

It was while waiting at Singar, that
splendid city of the old Maharajahs, that
we made the acquaintance of Captain
Halliwell, of Her Majesty's Thirty-
seventh, and Col. Sir Joseph, Captain,
latter being the government's representa-
tive at Singar, from March to Novem-
ber. We had six weeks before us to get
over the Himalayas on our way to Jela-
had, and knowing this, Captain Halliwell
suggested that a hunting party to Ladak
be organized, the trip to occupy forty
days.

Our party, as we filed out of Singar,
the capital city of the seven bridges, on
August 2, 1889, consisted of Sir Joseph,
Capt. Halliwell and myself, six pack-
horses and their drivers, three body ser-
vants and four mountaineers to act as
guides and men of all work. There never
was a more picturesque party than this
sallying forth on a hunting expedition. In
fourteen days from the time we left Singar
we were comfortably installed in the
low, rambling stone and stucco bungalows
in, residences, or whatever you may
choose to call it, of a composite racial
curiosity in Lumaned Lo Singh Mong,
a very grave and reticent man with a bad
eye and a gorgeous turban.

The morning following our arrival,
leaving everything but two pack horses
and three mountaineers with our friend,
the hunting grounds westward on the
peninsula which is formed by the junction
of the Indus and its northern branch.

We camped at a point about a mile
from the eastern edge, while the guides,
who had been joined at L by three well-
mounted half-breed Kashmiris from that
place, went pounding away toward a
clump of timber in the north to see if
there were any traces of leopards. There
were about fully three hours, and an-
nounced on their return that they had
found traces of both leopards and stags,
but they advised that the hunt be post-
poned until daylight, in the belief that
the game would be more readily suc-
ceeded.

The pale crescent of the moon was just
touching the western edge of the plain
when the guides shook us gently and
urged us to hurry into our saddles. Be-
fore we got our feet in the stirrups, we
were looking through the night haze at
a clump of timber in the north, telling us
that the day was at hand. Half an hour
later, with the full glow of the silver-
ing moon, the summit of the mountain, at

three, Sir Joseph, Capt. Halliwell and my-
self, were in the saddle and the forest
and it was at this point that the inci-
dent which led up to my adventure began.
Acting under the instructions of the lead-
ing guide, I took my position within the
forest about 300 yards from the edge of
the plain. Sir Joseph, I noticed, was
stationed. The scheme, as explained, was
to wait till the leopards came creeping
out on their way to the river, and then
to trail for antelope and other four-
footed game which passed on the way to
drink.

I was left absolutely alone in the silence
of the forest, and despite my surround-
ings, I soon grew drowsy. My horse,
a bay mare, small, but with slender legs,
clean cut head and good shoulders, was
tied a little distance away, for even our
poor brute was to be used as decoy for
the wily leopards.

Three hours or more must have passed
when through the trees to my right, too
far away for a shot, I saw a splendid
Thibetan stag sailing past like a meteor.
In an instant I forgot the caution of the
guide and leaping into the saddle, I broke
through the cover and out into the plain
with the wild hope of getting a shot at the
flying beauty. The stag made directly for
the river, and with my knees pressing
tightly the sides of my mare, I rushed
forward and headed her after. With
wonderful rapidity he drew away from me,
although I pounded along hoping for
something to occur to stop his flight long
enough for me to get a shot.

I had gone half the distance toward the
river, a good two miles at least, when
seeing that it was useless to maintain the
chase I gave it up, reined in my mare and
turned her head toward the distant forest
line. At that instant I detected some
moving figures between me and the hor-
der of the trees. I was surprised at their
number, a dozen or more, perhaps, but I
threw my bridle rein on the neck of the
bay and let her walk to recover her wind.
It was fortunate that I did so; it saved
my life.

At the end of fifteen minutes my mare,
which had been walking slowly with her
nose toward the ground, raised her head
and gave a quick snort of alarm, at the
same time pitching her small ears for-
ward and planting her forefeet firmly on
the ground. The moving spots were much
nearer now and I made them out to be a
troop of horses.

"Oh, for a lasso," was my mental com-
ment. Suddenly, a kind of shiver seized
my mare; she trembled in every limb, but
stood as still as a rock. The troop of
horses paused abruptly almost at the
same instant, with their heads held high
in the air and looking in my direction.
There were a few innumerable tossings of
the head and mane, and the whole herd,
spreading out like a fan, came toward me.

I had heard often of the wild horses of
Thibet, the sturdy little brutes, which
various zoologists have tried to identify as
the progenitors of the modern domestic
horse.

I was intensely interested in their
manners, not dreaming that they were at
all harmful or dangerous. On they came,
though, in a gallop, and the nearer they
came the more I saw that they were
very few minutes to toss his head and
sniff the air.

They had approached within a quarter of
a mile of where I sat on the bay mare,
who, trembling in every limb, had stood
like a bronze casting with eyes and ears
pointed toward the herd, when, before I
could check her, the mare with a snort of
terror wheeled with a violence that nearly
unseated me, and set off at a frozied
knockneck pace toward the river. In vain
did I saw at the hide lines of the rude
Kashmiri bit, but I might just as well have
tried to check a locomotive with a clothes
line.

On, on, with the froth, fresh air whist-
ling past me, the mare bounded as if
the inferno was at her heels. After a
while I let her have her way and settled
down for a long race, or until she tired
herself completely out. Then I thought
of looking behind me. It took my breath
for there, less than an eighth of a mile
away, was the herd of wild horses, gal-
loping along in a single file, streaming
along the first time I recalled some stories
I had heard of adventures with wild
horses, and it flashed over me with almost
sickening force that I was being hunted
by the heroic, untamed Thibetan brutes,
and that to be overtaken meant death for
me and my mare by being trampled to a
pulp on the plain.

I never thought and schemed so hard
and fast as I did in the next ten minutes.
I gave my mare up for lost instantly; the
question was how to save myself.